

A Deal in Wild Lands

OR, THE

Fight for the Musselshell Millions.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

She glanced at Elfie and Wynans again, noting their seeming inattention to all she and Jerry were saying and doing, and then continued:

"I do hope he's a young man, this Perry Wynans, who has so suddenly turned up as the owner of the Musselshell mines. But whatever he may be, we must invite him to our house and make a great deal of him. I'll do all I can to hook on to him. I'd marry him, pa, if he were as old as 'Thushel'."

"How kind," whispered Wynans to Elfie.

"That's a card to play, of course," returned Jerry, with a gloomy air. "But I'm doubtful about winning the game with it. Even if Wynans is not a ready married, a thousand other things may knock all our schemes in the head. Considering how quietly this man has operated; how he has owned these mines for years without putting his deeds on record; and how he has evidently posted himself about affairs in Monterey, without showing up there—it's only reasonable to foresee that we are going to find him a very difficult man to manage. He may get to Lewistown and put his deeds on record before we discover his presence, and that act would knock us out in the very first round, as it would show everybody who is the real owner and range all the officials of the county on his side."

"Thanks for the suggestion," whispered Wynans to Elfie, again exchanging glances of gratification with her.

"Ten to one," pursued Jerry, "the man will show himself to everybody else in Monterey before he does to us. He may even appear in some disguise, or he may come with such an army at his heels that we shall have no other course than to get up and get as soon as he gives us his orders."

"Never," declared Daisy Skidder, flushing excitedly. "Well never be driven out of the mine!"

"That's the right spirit, Daisy," said Jerry, "but we shall have to bow to the inevitable, like every one else. When Wynans has placed his deeds on record, he will, of course, be recognized as the legitimate owner of the property, and as such the Sheriff, and even the Governor, will be obliged to come to his aid, in case we or any one else should attempt to prevent him from taking possession. But there is one thing he can't do," added Jerry with a grim chuckle, "sapping his breast. 'He can't make us disgorge the very handsome sum we have already captured. This bundle we have in hand is beyond his reach.'"

"And so is all the rest, pa," declared Daisy, with a scheming light in her eyes. "As soon as we get home I'll have a good talk with Sam Gaddler. You know how long Sam has been trying to court me, and how much he thinks of me. I believe he'd be willing to do or endure almost anything for the sake of securing my hand in marriage."

"Yes, he would," said Jerry, with the air of taking the suggestion into consideration.

"That name of Sam Gaddler is a good one to remember," whispered Wynans to Elfie, as he wrote it carefully on his pocket tablets.

"And not only is Sam 'dead gone' on me," continued Daisy, "but he is already receiving a princely salary as the superintendent of our mining operations. Personally, too, let's just the man we want at our elbows at this moment—a giant in size, a dead shot, a natural leader of the wild spirits around him, and a man who has no scruples of any kind to stand in the way of his interests. You see, therefore, that we can give Wynans some uphill work to do if he should make war upon us."

"We can, indeed," exclaimed Jerry, inspired by his daughter's suggestions.

"Let me drill one point into you," continued Daisy, with an earnestness which rendered her a little incautious. "You've had the use of these lands ten years. As far as the county records show, they belong to you and your brother-in-law. You've already given out that you have bought the lands, and you are generally regarded by our neighbors as the owner."

"All very true," confirmed Jerry.

"And these facts being so," continued Daisy, a look of sinister energy flashing from her bold, black eyes, "we have only to suppress Perry Wynans to remain in possession of the mines indefinitely. Get him out of the way, pa, and the machine will run on forever just as it is now running. If fair means fail to cover our interests, we must not hesitate a moment to use violence. Those mines must and shall remain ours."

CHAPTER VIII.
GRAND TABLEAU!

It was easy for Perry to see by Elfie's face that every word of Daisy's murderous programme had reached her hearing as well as his own. Her swaying figure was already tremulous with terror and apprehension.

"I agree with you, Daisy, that there is still a chance for us, if we are active and watchful," returned Jeremiah, after a brief silence, during which a gleam of desperate vigor appeared in his eyes. "Hiram told me that Wynans will start for Monterey to-day. He may take the same train as we do, and so may Hiram and his family. We must not only get off by the first train but we must keep a sharp lookout upon our fellow travelers. At what hour must we leave this hotel?"

"I shall have to inquire, pa," replied Daisy. "Perhaps these people can tell us," and she glanced at Elfie and Wynans, who were looking into the street and watching, as if giving all their attention in that direction. "I'll see."

She crossed the floor, nodding to Elfie with a smile meant to be pleasant, and asked:

"Can you tell me, miss, when we can start for Monterey? I have had a bad luck, and we're going home."

"What are you going to Monterey?" returned Wynans, with a pretended start of surprise. "How singular! My sister and I are going to Monterey."

"To-day, sir?" queried Daisy, with a flush of joy.

"By the very next train, miss," replied Wynans, arising.

"What part of Monterey?" demanded Jerry Skidder, gaining his feet and approaching with a nod of salutation.

"To Lewistown, Ferguson County," "Good," muttered Jerry. "You will, of course, go to Billings, and thence via Ubet by stage?"

Wynans assented.

"Well, we go to Custer, which is just fifty-three miles this side of Billings," sizing up his new acquaintance by a rapid glance; "so why shouldn't we all travel together?"

"Thanks for the suggestion, sir," said Wynans, handing Jerry a card he had neatly written a few minutes before. "We'll travel in your company with pleasure—and doubtless with profit."

"This is who they are," Dr. Dolliger and sister," said Jerry, reading from the card and then passing it to Daisy, who had already shaken hands with both Wynans and Elfie. "Delighted to know you. My brother Jeremiah Skidder and daughter, of Musselshell, Monterey. I'm a rancher and miner, Dr. Dolliger. What are you?"

"Merely a mine owner," replied Wynans with a smile. "We're going out there to see what chance there is to secure certain lands and mines."

"Bravo! You have fallen in with the very man you wanted to see, Doctor," assured Jerry, ofering his hand. "What I don't know about lands and mines in Monterey isn't worth knowing. We can talk business on the way out, while the girls get acquainted. Capital! delighted!"

A step on the stairs just without the parlor gave Wynans a start. Should the newcomer prove to be Mrs. Long, the landlady, she would address him by name and so betray his identity to the Skidders. This must be prevented. He stepped toward the door, but was relieved to see that the footsteps he had heard were those of a guest ascending to the next floor. He faced about, taking note of the time.

"As matter of stand, Mr. Skidder," he said, "we'll all go to the station together. But first we'll have a good dinner in a private parlor, and start off on the right basis."

The proposition was eagerly accepted. "While we are being served, Miss Skidder," pursued Wynans, turning to Daisy, "you will have time to make a few purchases, if such is your desire."

"You think so?" returned Daisy, with almost childish delight.

"You can have half an hour, and that will be ample," assured Wynans. "You have only to go a block or two, and you'll find all sorts of stores. Mr. sister will go with you, if you would like her company."

The suggestion was gratefully accepted, and the young ladies vanished. Jerry, seeing a large roll of bills into his daughter's hands, with instructions to buy "anything on earth" she wanted. "Come up to my room, Mr. Skidder, and have a glass of champagne," then invited Wynans. "It will give you an appetite."

Jerry was nothing loath, and in another minute he was making himself comfortable in the private parlor of his entertainer.

"Excuse me a moment," pursued Wynans, "and I will order our dinner as well as a couple bottles of wine. I shall merely step to the office."

He was gone scarcely three minutes, but in this short interval he had taken several measures calculated to preserve his secret, settled his bill and that of the Skidders, forced the waiters, and even taken leave of the landlady.

"We shall be served here in just twenty-five minutes, Mr. Skidder," he announced as he came back to the parlor. "Meanwhile, I think you and I can readily dispose of a glass of Claret to our better acquaintance."

Jerry smiled his approval, becoming animated.

A waiter soon appeared with the wine, uncorking the bottle and serving the first two glasses, and then vanished. The heat and vexation of the day had made Skidder very thirsty, and he was outside of the largest half of the champagne almost before he knew it.

Then the couple talked until the return of Elfie and Daisy—the latter fondling one or two choice purchases, and followed by a porter who was loaded with parcels.

"Well, you look as if you had had a good time, girls," said Skidder, assuming his most genial air, as the porter vanished.

"You just bet we have," replied Daisy, emphatically. "Oh, such a place! We'll come here again, pa, as soon as we've attended to business at home, and stay a while."

"You almost need a trunk for your purchases, Daisy," said her father.

"No, pa, I can stow away everything in the two we've brought with us, everything except that hat and cloak, which are too large for anything, and which I'm going to wear."

"Well, you must be prompt about it," suggested Jerry, the rattling of dishes reaching her hearing from the stairway, "for here comes our dinner."

We need not pause upon what followed.

A sumptuous dinner was served the quartet by the attentive waiters, and an hour passed to the Skidders like a dream, so greatly were they pleased to find themselves provided with such pleasant traveling companions.

"About time to be off, isn't it, friend Dolliger?" at length asked Jerry Skidder, who had become mellow with the rich cheer thrust upon him.

"Almost," replied Wynans, consulting his watch, and dismissing the waiters by a gesture. "Have no fear, sir. We'll start on time, I assure you."

"I think we had better settle the bill now," pursued Jerry, who could not quite divest himself of his nervous uneasiness.

"Oh, it's all paid—everything, even to our ride to the station," said Wynans. "I took the liberty of making this my treat. Besides, as we're all going away together, there was no use making two bits of a cherry."

"All right," returned Jerry, "but it will be my turn next time. I hope it may soon have the pleasure of entertaining you and your charming sister at our house in Monterey."

At this moment a servant appeared, ushering in a formidable looking stranger.

"A gentleman to see you on important business, Mr. Skidder," announced the servant, who had doubtless been well paid for this service. "Mr. Grimshaw, detective."

Jerry arose uneasily, changing color and staring at the newcomer, who waved the servant out of the room imperatively and closed the door.

"Sorry, Mr. Skidder, to trouble you," said Grimshaw, bowing gravely. "But I believe you are a brother of a well-known merchant of this city?"

"Yes, of Hiram Skidder, the biggest fraud on earth!" answered Jerry, with

blazing eyes and features, as also with a slandering, not to say wrath and disgust, about which there could be no question.

"You have just had a little financial deal with your brother, I believe?" continued Grimshaw, after a moment of hesitation.

"I should think as much," acknowledged Jerry, leaning to the conclusion that Grimshaw had recovered his mind. "I came here from Monterey to buy certain lands which I supposed to belong to him, but which in reality he sold three years ago. We agreed upon the price—\$200,000—and I gave him the money."

"You gave?"

"The detective paled at the hint thus given him of his being on the wrong scent."

"And he put the money in the desk," added Jerry, with a groan. "Have you recovered it, Mr. Grimshaw?"

"Certainly not, sir. The fact is, your brother says you have a large sum of money belonging to him, and he sent me here to recover it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Grimshaw," said Jerry, for the first time taking voice. "I believe you know who I am?"

"Perfectly, Mr. W."

"Exactly, sir, and you will credit what I say?"

The detective assented.

"The facts, then, are just as this gentleman has stated them," explained Wynans. "His brother has really robbed him of the sum named in the most fraudulent fashion. Our friend here has been working a gold mine in Montana which belongs to Perry Wynans!"

"Ah, indeed?" and the eyes of the detective flashed with deep comprehension.

"Our friend, therefore, came down here—with how much cash, Mr. Skidder?"

"About four hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"Exactly," said Wynans again, "so that you now have on your per on two hundred and twenty thousand dollars?"

Jerry assented.

"All of which really belongs to Perry Wynans?"

Jerry nodded again.

"Will you let us see it, to convince this gentlemanly detective of the truth of all I am saying?"

"Certainly."

Jerry hastened to do so, and Wynans took the money, running it over carefully under the eyes of the detective, and then securing it on his own person.

"You see, therefore, Mr. Grimshaw," continued Wynans, taking him by the arm and conducting him toward the door, "that your interests lie in the direction of Hiram Skidder's safe. I'll give you twenty per cent. of every dollar you can recover of that two hundred thousand."

"Enough said; I'm off!" and the detective vanished.

"I've carried the point!" cried Wynans with a jubilant smile, to Jerry, as he closed the door and retraced his steps. "We're rid of him."

"Capital!" commented Skidder. "How good of you! You knew the chap, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And he knew you, it seems! I thought I heard you sending him to Hiram's safe!"

"Quite right, sir. I promised him 20 per cent. of all the cash he could recover!"

"Bravo!"

The door opened at this moment, and a servant announced:

"Mr. Skidder!"

"Ah, here you are, Mr. Wynans!" cried the lady, as she hastily entered.

CHAPTER IX.
THE OUTCOME OF THE MASQUERADE.

The truth was out! Perry Wynans stood revealed to his enemies.

Possibly something might have yet been done to gloss over the situation, if the newcomer had been alive to the signals and warnings Perry gave her, but it was not to be. Her gaze had advanced swiftly, exclaiming:

"And Elfie, too; what joy!"

She caught the girl to her heart, caressing her and kissing her, continuing:

"I knew you had seldom been in town before, and was afraid you might have missed your way, or had some other trouble. How thankful I am that my fears were all in vain."

By the time the good woman had thus given expression to her sentiment, she became conscious of the constraint of Elfie, and even of something peculiar in the aspect of Perry, and at once connected these peculiarities with the presence of the strangers, upon whom she now turned a questioning gaze.

Wynans and Elfie.

These names had given Jerry and his daughter a hint of the truth.

After exchanging startled glances, they turned a keen look of inquiry upon Elfie.

"My niece!" gasped Jerry.

"My cousin!" cried Daisy.

"Strange! I didn't notice the family likeness before," pursued Skidder. "She's the very image of her mother—my sister Mary—at the same age."

Turning to Mrs. Rankle, he demanded, indicating Perry with an index finger: "Who is this man?"

The new-comer repeated the query with mingled terror and wonder.

She was a motherly looking woman of about forty-five years, with a pleasant, chubby face, and wholly winsome and sympathetic manners.

"You—your of course know who you are dealing with?" she answered, with a wondering air, when Daisy had angrily repeated her father's question.

"Well, we thought we did," avowed Jerry, livid with hate and consternation, "but it seems we were mistaken. I noticed that detective would have pronounced the name of Wynans if he hadn't been interrupted. Who is this man, Mrs. Rankle, if that's your name?"

The new-comer looked inquiringly at Perry who gave her a smiling nod, whereupon she answered:

"He's Perry Wynans."

Despite all his fears he foretold him, Jerry Skidder was visibly confounded by this announcement. It was several seconds before he could recover his self-control sufficiently to ask:

"And this girl?"

"She's Elfie Tower."

"Of Ingelheim?"

"She left there this morning."

"Daughter of the late Charles and Mary Tower?"

"The same!"

"And she is no wise related to this man?"

"No more than I am!"

"Well, I thought there was no family likeness between them. The couple are named Dolliger?"

"No more than you are!" declared Mrs. Rankle, rather enjoining the confusion of the stranger, and seeing readily by the smiling content of her friends that they were in no wise the dupes or

victims of the evident mystification in which they were figuring.

"What idyls we've been!" groaned Jerry. "We ought to have keepers!"

The words, with the air accompanying them, produced a hearty burst of laughter from Perry and Elfie, and even from said Mrs. Rankle.

"It seems I have unwittingly broken up a little masquerade in which you and Elfie were figuring, Mr. Wynans," said the latter.

"Yes, but no harm is done," replied Perry. "I received your telegram in due course, and intended to forestall this accident, but the truth would have come out at the best a few minutes later. You have come prepared to go with us, I hope?"

"I have, sir. As you suggested, I left my trunk at the station."

"Give me your check, please."

Mrs. Rankle complied.

"I will see to checking your baggage to its destination, or as far I can," he explained, securing the check in his pocket. "We are ready to start, and shall be off in a few minutes. Have you had dinner?"

"A bite simply."

"Then sit down here and make yourself at home," invited Perry, leading to the table. "We've been having a sort of Bohemian feast, and there's enough left to dine a dozen hearty men."

Mrs. Rankle smilingly complied with the invitation, as entirely at her ease as if the Skidders had been a thousand miles distant, and Elfie sat down near her, losing herself readily in the many pleasant queries and anticipations crowding upon her.

"And so you avow yourself to be Mr. Wynans?" growled Skidder, turning his bloodshot eyes upon Perry; "the owner of the Musselshell mine?"

A smiling nod answered him.

"How very singular it all is!"

"Very," said Wynans.

"I never heard of a more extraordinary encounter," pursued Jerry.

"Nor did I."

"And you knew all the while who I was?"

"Certainly. Your daughter had mentioned your name and identity before your arrival."

"What a pity! And—and you've sat there with my niece and listened to every word I said and I was saying?"

"We couldn't do less, sir. We were simply charmed by the very extraordinary views, facts and intentions you were so rash as to thrust upon us."

"To think of our being such fools, pa!" exclaimed Daisy, with an aspect and voice suggestive of hysterics. "The mere things!"

"Do you suppose we know enough, pa, to get back to Monterey?" pursued Daisy, in a tone of deep vexation. "If so, let's order a carriage and start for the station."

"Not without my money!" ejaculated Jerry, a deep pallor suddenly replacing the lividity of his features. "You seem to have forgotten that little point, Mr. Wynans."

"What little point, please?" asked Perry, facing about in his chair.

"My money. You put my money in your pocket, you'll remember?"

"Your money?" emphasized Wynans. "Exactly. My two hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"Nonsense, Mr. Skidder! Didn't you avow to Detective Grimshaw that you had taken this money from my mines and that it really belongs to me?"

"Instead of having any of your money, Mr. Skidder," pursued Wynans, quietly, "with a smile, 'it looks to me as if I had merely recovered a portion of the sum you've stolen from me!'"

"Stolen?" blustered Jerry.

"As you have yourself affirmed in your conversation with your daughter?"

"What! you don't intend to give that money back to me?" cried Skidder, springing to his feet, as the full extent of his disaster suddenly flashed upon him.

"Not a cent of it."

"Then I'll take it," threatened Jerry, advancing menacingly.

"See here, old man," warned Wynans, perfectly unmoved in manner and voice, "if you should be so foolish as to be guilty of the least violence, even in language, I will call a policeman and have you taken to the calaboose."

"Do I look like a man likely to stand any violence or aggression from a rascal of your description?"

Jerry wilted as abruptly as if the point of a sword had touched him.

"If the involuntary payment you have just made me has left you short of funds," pursued Wynans, "I can make you a small loan—enough to take you back to Monterey."

"You are very kind, sir," sneered Daisy with scornful fierceness of voice and manner, "but we can get along without you."

"I am glad to hear it," returned Perry. "Your present mood suits me better than the one you displayed a few minutes ago, when you were talking of 'hooking up' to me!"

The eyes and cheeks of the rustic beauty blazed furiously.

"If I ever do 'hook up' to you," she declared sternly, "it will be with a hook you will not like. You seem to have scored one on this occasion—I'm frank enough to avow it. But it's a long road that knows no turn, they say, and we'll try to get square with you later in Montana."

"I overheard you speaking of that to your father," retorted Perry. "Rest assured that I shall not be easily creamated."

It cost Jerry Skidder the biggest pang of his life to tear himself away from all thought of hope of recovering the involuntary payment he had made, but Daisy had him by the arm, and was whispering all sorts of dire vengeance in his ear, and he finally decided to the impulse she was giving his steps toward the door.

But at the door he halted, facing about, his eyes gleaming.

"We shall see you again in due course," he growled, shaking his clenched hand at Perry, "and when we do—"

He drew his finger horizontally across his throat, and worked his forefinger several times in rapid succession as if pulling the trigger of a revolver.

"Good riddance," was Perry's comment, when the footsteps of Daisy and her father had died out of the stairway. "Nothing could be more timely than this separation. The old man has told us about all he knows, and given us an excellent insight into his intentions and projects. What else we could get out of him would hardly pay us for going to Montana in his company."

Looking at his watch again, he rang for a servant and ordered a carriage, briefly stating the modifications of his necessary arrangements which had become original programme, and which were quickly in waiting, and in a minute thereafter, our travelers, joyous and eager, were rolling rapidly toward the station.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HELD LIFE CHEAP.

An Inoffensive Family Murdered in Cold Blood.

THE ASSASSIN ESCAPES.

He Appeared at the Giordano Household While the Victims Were at Supper and Began His Frenzied Work.

A despatch from New Orleans, La., says:—On the Terra Haute plantation, in St. John's parish, a terrible butchery of human beings took place.

While Rosario Giordano and his family were seated at the supper table Joe Noska walked up to the door and, leveling a double-barreled shotgun, fired. Mrs. Giordano fell to the floor a corpse, and the bullets that did not go through her went through both legs of the 4-month-old infant she held in her arms.

Giordano fearing that the tender babe would be killed in the fall, sprang forward to clasp it and the assassin fired again. The bullet entered the groin and leg of Giordano.

The 10-year-old girl on seeing her mother fall ran forward and received a portion of the load of bullets that struck her father. The shot entered her abdomen, literally tearing it to pieces. At the same time little Nicola fell to the floor, wounded through the head.

The assassin, Joe Noska, did not move from the spot, but when he saw Bendito Giordano, a nephew of the dead woman, and Charley Columbo coming toward him he coolly placed two fresh shells in his gun and waited until they got very close to him. Then he raised the gun and fired both barrels, the two men falling to the ground dead.

Then the murderer, throwing his gun over his shoulder, made his escape to the woods. When the citizens ascertained the extent of the deed they organized a posse, and led by the sheriff, attempted to capture the assassin.

The dead were taken to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. They are: Rosario Giordano, the unfortunate head of the family, aged 33 years, shot in the left thigh; Mary Giordano, 10 years, shot in the abdomen, the bullet perforating the bladder and intestines; Nicola Giordano, 7 years, shot in the corner of the eye, the ball penetrating the skull; Joseph Giordano, 4 months shot in both legs and in the head.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Rabbi Isaac M. Wise says that Jewish Americans have practically a different religion from Jewish Russians, Poles, Rumanians, Lithuanians, etc., just as the Russian Germans and Englishmen again stand separate. It is the national spirit working in each community, and is but another proof of the fallacy of the claim that there is such a thing as a Jewish race.

Frank E. Hering, a sophomore in the University of Chicago, has been suspended for a year for getting married. His wife, who is a Miss Florence Da-Moad, fell in love with him while watching him play foot ball. The consent of the parents was obtained, but the faculty objected, and after solemnly sitting on the matter, declined to solemnize the marriage by the suspension order.

Mme. Bejane is not greatly pleased with her American trip. She thinks we are a little polite in having flocks to see her, and given Czequella good audiences while showing a much less interest in herself. Bejane could not understand why her audiences showed so little feeling—"flin"; their eyes on her," as they did, "but giving no sign of what was passing in their brains."

The Rev. Father McMillan preached in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, New York, on Sunday, on the subject of "The Sunday Closing of Saloons and Sabbath Observance Generally." He strongly condemned not only the selling of liquor on Sunday, but the patronizing of saloons on that day, and supported his position by quoting from the pastoral letter and decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. He held the "Continental Sunday" was not a Catholic Sunday but due to Europe's infidelity.

Nikola Tesla is beginning to find the honor shower thickly upon him. He has already been made, within the last year, a doctor by Columbia College and an M. A. by Yale while one of the leading universities of the Far West has recently invited him to accept one of its diplomas. A couple of years ago he received the rare order of St. Sava from the King of Serbia, and last week new reached him officially that the Order of the Eagle had been conferred upon him by the Prince of Montenegro, who may be said to represent the race from which Tesla springs.

STORMS OUT WEST.

Two Ladies Killed at a Camp-Meeting in Ohio—Other Victims.

A tornado swooped down on a grove west of Zanesville where a camp-meeting with a very large attendance was in progress. The wind prostrated great trees, and one was thrown on the auditorium, crushing it to pieces. Mrs. Clement Wilson and Mrs. George Desel were killed. A baby in Mrs. Wilson's lap was saved. A son of Mrs. Wilson was seriously hurt. The tornado was one hundred yards wide and spent its force on the grove.

Near Pittsburg, Ohio, Edward Baird's barn and other buildings were blown down and corn crop ruined.

Near Franklin, Ind., Shiloh Church was wrecked and corn was leveled to the ground.

Near Lisbon, Ohio, the barn and other buildings of Dr. T. B. Marquis were destroyed.

At Circleville four men were shingling a roof of a barn when the tornado struck them. All were blown off, three going a distance of forty-five feet, and were seriously and perhaps fatally injured.

There has been severe fighting between the Turkish troops and the Macedonian insurgents near Salonica, and the Porte is hurrying reinforcements to the front.

CABLE SPARKS.

It is reported in Rome that the Italian government has decided to declare war against Abyssinia.

By the Komatsu Coal Mine, in Yugoia, Japan, dilling with water forty-seven miners are known to be drowned.

The complexion of the new British Parliament, it is declared, shows increased friendship for the cause advocated by the B-Metallic League.

At a trial of guns near the Toulon (France) arsenal the breech was blown off one of the pieces and a sailor was killed. Admiral Chaumolino, two officers and several men were wounded.

A sensation has been caused in Montreal financial circles by the resignation of Manager Benoit of the Banque Nationale, said to have been caused by a difference of opinion with the directors.

A mixed local train, while entering the railroad station at Raudten, Prussian Silesia, dashed through the building and the engineer and several passengers were killed. The accident was due to a defective brake.

The bonded indebtedness of the Hawaiian Islands has increased \$200,000 during the last year and is now \$3,938,000. The government has decided not to pay a pension of \$4,000 to Princess Kaiulani.

Cries of "Down with the school law!" were hurled at the King of Belgium when he presented a set of colors to the civic guard in Brussels. The police charged the mob with d awn swords and made several arrests.

Mail advices from China confirm the reports that the recent destruction of mission stations in the interior of the country was abetted by Chinese officials, who refused to protect the stations from the attack of the mobs.

Mr. Sterloff, the Bulgarian premier and minister of the interior, has intimated to Prince Ferdinand his intention to resign, owing to the fact that Mr. Sterloff is not so friendly with Russia as recent events would tend to show.

A mob of 150 Belouins made an attack upon a number of lighters in the harbor at Jeddah, Arabia. They boarded the vessels and plundered them of their most valuable goods. Sixteen sailors and stevedores were wounded in defending the lighters.

Great anxiety exists in Havana and Madrid over the situation in the province of Santiago de Cuba, where it is generally believed Marshal Campos is hard pressed by the insurgents. The Havana correspondent of the London Times says that Campos has been outgeneraled by Gomez.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The Buffalo Furnace Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., has increased the wages of its 600 employees 30 per cent. The work is running night and day.

The Glastonbury Knitting Company, at Manchester Green, Conn., has notified its employees that the 10 per cent. reduction in wages made in 1894 will be restored.

The Iron Moulder's Convention, in Chicago, adopted a resolution limiting stove-plate moulders to seven hours' work a day. A sick or disabled benefit system was also established.

A stratum of gas was struck in a well at Fort Erie, Ontario, a small village opposite Buffalo, which, it is said, will yield 500,000 cubic feet a day. The gas will be piped to Buffalo.

The strike at the malleable iron works in Dayton, Ohio, was declared off by a committee of strikers, and about 150 men will return to work at the old wages. The strike has been in force for about three weeks.

A meeting of miners in Springfield Valley, Ill., terminated in a riot over a proposed assessment to support the Indiana miners in their fight against reduction of the wage scale. The foreign miners, who are in the majority, want to strike.

According to a despatch from Huntington, West Virginia, but little of the money and provisions collected in the cities along the Ohio river for the relief of the families of the strikers in the Ekho region reached the strikers.

Notices were posted in the New York Belt and Packing Company's rubber shops in Newtowa, Conn., that on and after August 1 the company would restore to all its employees the old scale of wages in force prior to the cut down in 1893. The increase ranges from 10 to 25 cents a day.

The Indiana bituminous coal operators, at a meeting in Terra Haute, resolved that "so long as the competitors had their mining done on the 51-cent basis it would be folly to attempt operations at a higher price, and that they adhere to the terms of the contract made July 10."

The strike of the employees of the Anaconda and Potomac Street Railway Company, of Washington, D. C., which has been on since the 15th inst., during which period not a car has been run on the line, was declared off. The men secured their demand—\$1.50 a day for 12 hours work. They were receiving but \$1.07.

HURLED HIGH IN THE AIR.

Three Men Killed by a Premature Dynamite Explosion.

Three men were instantly killed and a fourth badly injured by a premature explosion of dynamite on the drainage canal, near Willow Springs, Chicago.

Kelley, Souker, and Smith were preparing a blast and were pressing the dynamite into the hole when suddenly the blast, which was almost completed, went off. All three men were hurled high in the air and came down fully 200 yards from the scene of the explosion. All three were mangled in a most horrible manner.

Over 100 men were at work close to the blast when the explosion occurred, and it is a wonder that the loss of life was not much greater. They made a wild break for cover when the shower of rock began to fall, and all escaped injury with the exception of Healey, who was struck by a piece of rock. He will recover. No cause is known for the explosion, as all the men were careful and experienced in the handling of dynamite.

Dynamite instantly killed three men and seriously injured a fourth, on the Chicago Drainage canal, near Willow Springs. The accident was caused by a premature explosion during the process of tamping.